Immortality

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept in after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he;
His soul well-knit, and all his battle won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

—Matthew Arnold.

Immortality

Nothing lovely ever dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star dust or sea foam, flower or wingèd air:
If this befall our poor unworthy flesh—
Think thee! what destiny awaits the soul!

—Anonymous.

Easter Hope

Let us be like a bird for a moment perched
On a frail branch where he sings;
Though he feels it bend he continues his song,
For he knows that he has wings.

—Victor Hugo.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

TITLE: April 8: *The Resurrection* (Easter Sunday). Mark 16: 1-20.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Because I live, ye shall live also." John 14: 19.

Teaching the Lesson

I. *The resurrection of Christ is an historical fact.* "Because I live." He did rise. It is an historical fact—by the testimony of competent witnesses and by the witness of related facts and results. II. The resurrection of Christ from the dead is more than historical fact. *It is a spiritual force in the lives of men.* "Because I live, ye shall live also." Because he lives men do live. Through fellowship with the risen Christ men rise from a death in sin to a life of holiness. "Now is Christ risen from the dead." "Ye are risen with Christ." In Christ the believer is a risen man. III. The resurrection of Christ is more than a historical fact and more than a spiritual force. *It is a prophecy and hope and assurance of future life.* "Because I live, ye shall live also." Men have nursed and nurtured the thought of life beyond the grave. It is a sort of instinct of humanity. The thought is as old as the heart-beat and as natural. "Because I live"—a living Christ guarantees a living people. Because he was able to lay down his life and take it again he is able to cause us to live after death. The outstanding fact of Easter is immortality—the imperishable life, the abundant life, the expanding life, the triumphant life.

The Footprints

There is an ancient fable of a fox who was on the point of entering a cave when the shrewd animal saw that, though there were many footprints in the sand, they all pointed into the cave, none of them pointed outward; so he did not go in. But though many footprints point into the cave of death, there are footprints pointing outward, and those are Christ's. Since he has escaped from the cave, he has shown us the way, and we also may come out of the dark cavern.

Into the Marvelous Light

In those terrible days when the devastating tread of Napoleon was causing all Europe to tremble, leaving blight and woe and humiliation everywhere, besides those slain in battle, there were countless noble hearts that broke with shame and sorrow. Among others was the heart of the lovely Queen of King William of Germany. In the environs of Berlin she sleeps, in a tomb of peculiar construction built by her husband. It stands alone in a forest. As you enter, the light is dim and somber; but at the farther end the sunbeams pour in full splendor through transparent windows. The gloom and shadow at the entrance represents the darkness that lies about the opening of death's vale; the radiance of the pure golden sunlight, as you pass through, represents the brightness of the glory of the blessed life into which death ushers the Christian.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

QUOTABLE EASTER POETRY

Life

Dressed in her tender green,
I viewed the sweet Earth lying,
When smote my heart the cry,
"But living leads to dying."
Then came a trumpet call,
Through hill and dale replying,
"Though life lead on to Death,
We come to Life through dying."

—*E. D. Ward.*

Fragrance of an Empty Vase

npty

Easter Wish

May his angels, pure and bright
Easter blessings on thee pour,
Leading thee by ways of light
In their keeping evermore.

Easter Is Here

"Easter is here!" glad voices raise
The old refrain of joyous praise;
"Easter is here!" hark once again,
Angels repeat the happy strain;
"Easter is here!" may thine be blest
With all that's brightest, all that's best,
And one gift, all the rest above,
The blessing of his changeless love.

Easter Dawn

A bright and peaceful Easter
To you its gladness bring,
As once again awaken
The flowers of coming spring;
May all its joys and blessings
Within your heart remain,
Through all the changing scenes,
Till Easter dawns again.

Easter Time

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter time.

—*Lucy*

"Was it, indeed?" replied Mrs. Brown. "My Johnny is such a playful little fellow! He's so full of life, you know."

Mothers Needed

Howard and Dorothy were discussing family matters.

"When I am a man," said Howard, "I intend to marry Cousin Allen."

"You can't do that," answered Dorothy, "because men don't marry one another."

"I can so," persisted Howard. "I should like to know why not?"

"Because," said Dorothy, looking very wise, "their children would have two papas and no mammas."

The First Slaves

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a history examination. The question ran, "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To which he replied: "No women came over with the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them and slavery was introduced into America."—*Youth's Companion.*

Pride of Mother

Mrs. Kelly's son was to march in the parade. She watched the procession with eager eyes, and when it came her heart swelled with motherly pride. "Aren't they beautiful?" she said. "But they are every one of them out of step except my Jimmy."

QUOTABLE MOTHER'S DAY POETRY

My Mother's Love

All else she gives, she gives her chastened own
To wake my soul . . .
Naught palls my mother's love—not hoary breath
Of clouds, or waste of ocean's restless tide,
Not vasty reaches that the stars divide,
Or flight of grievous days, or night of death—
She draws the shades aside, and heav'n shines through,
As infinite her love, as God's love too.

—A. L. Koeneke.

Mother

I know not where in all this world I'd find
  Another half so precious or so dear,
Or one whose love would hold so firm and kind
  Throughout the changing fortunes of each year.
In all my life I can not hope to pay
  That priceless debt of faithful loyalty;
I ask no sweeter bondage than to stay
  A debtor to her precious love for me.
For it I'd yield the honor men confer,
  For it I'd give all wealth and eminence,

And all I have I humbly offer her—
My deepest love and truest reverence.
I know none other I could so enshrine
Within my heart, save her—that mother mine.

—M. P. Little.

To My Mother

If I should paint your portrait, mother dear,
I could not picture your kind look and ways,
Your constancy and care, through childhood days;
In lonely hours how oft I've wished you near!
I've missed your counsel wise, and smile or cheer.
These words are futile, though I speak your praise,
No tribute ever sung or said portrays
Your steadfast love and faith from year to year.

All undeserving of a love like yours,
A love that never failed me, that endures;
Today I'll wear this crimson flower for you,
My childhood's trustful faith again renew.
With contrite heart, I humbly kneel, and pray
"God bless and keep you," Mother dear, today.

—Bertha Nolan.

Mothers

Of all the things God ever made
I think these are the best:
Dear arms in which we first were laid,
That held us first in rest;
Dear feet that tire not day or night
While walking duty's way;
Dear eyes with dauntless love alight
For us through every day;
Dear lips that are so quick to droop
When we are hurt or sad,
And just as quick with smiles to troop
Whenever we are glad;
Dear hearts and souls which gave us birth,
Our mothers, God's best gift to earth.

—Ethel Lee Grossman.

Mothers Grown Old

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,

The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Saviour trod."

Mother

Mother of the smiling eyes,
Love-illumined, kindly wise,
Heaven's goodness shines straight through
Those clear orbs of softest blue;
To your deeply furrowed face
They impart an angel's grace.

Mother of the helping hand,
There are few in all the land
With so many friends and true;
Those who know you, love you too.
Poor folks, rich folks, all agree
You've a heart of sympathy.

Mother of the silver hair,
You have borne a weight of care,
But you have never lost your zest
For the game of life, possessed
Of that gift of childhood joy
Which no hardship can destroy.

But, to sum it up, no other
Takes the place of you, our mother.

Mother's Lasting Love

In a beautiful poem on motherhood, Dr. F. Watson Hannan writes:

"Her love outlasts all other human love,
Her faith endures the longest, hardest test,
Her grace and patience through a lifetime prove
That she's a friend, the noblest and the best."

Mother

Mother, dear mother, your service was dear!
God did select you to work for him here!
Whenever he wanted a great thing done
He left it with you, to see it begun!
A preacher, a prophet, a statesman or two!
Surely God did leave the preparing with you!
She was only a mother; yes, but a partner with Him.

—Merl Isenberg.

PASTORAL PRAYER (Mother's Day): Of all the names that we have been taught to call thee, O God, the name which is above every name

to us is the name, "Father." By this name we call thee this morning. Thou art our Father. But we are glad that in thy fatherhood thou dost embrace all the qualities of pure and holy motherhood. Thou dost have a mother's gentleness, and a mother's patience and long-suffering and spirit of sacrifice and love. We thank thee that thine own character has so often been manifested unto us through the lives and characters of our mothers. In the lives of many it is true that they saw thee first in their mothers. And so, O Lord, it is fitting that we worship thee to-day while holding in loving remembrance our blessed mothers.

We are not accustomed to pray, O God, for those who have passed from this world and who now enjoy thine own high place of heaven. We see them in the city that hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it; where there is no mourning, nor crying, nor pain—where they see the face of the Lord and his name is in their foreheads. Our hearts go up to thee, O God, in praise that we can think of our departed mothers with assurance of their joy.

Hear our prayer of thanksgiving for mothers who are still by our sides. May the beauty of heaven be upon them; may the graces of heaven make their lives ever lovelier. We thank thee for the comfort of their care, for the inspiration of their presence, for the encouragement of their prayers. Give them many, many days of life and may their days be prosperous and joyful and full of peace.

Grant thy blessing upon all young mothers, whose children are but babes —give them great wisdom, and may the winsomeness of their Christian lives give them great influence over the lives of their children. And grant unto all girls high vision of the beauty and diginity and privilege of motherhood. Give them knowledge of their bodies as temples of the Holy Spirit. And grant, too, thy blessing upon those who are foster-mothers, those who love and care for children which are not their own. Bless those who teach and those who serve little children in even the humblest way.

May the time soon come, O Lord, when motherhood throughout this world shall no longer be burdened, when it shall be considered everywhere with reverence, when no mothers shall be oppressed but all shall receive the care which is the Christian ideal.

Bless all little children to-day. For Jesus' sake. Amen.—Rev. M. K. W. Heicher, Ph.D.

STORY TO TELL, OR SERMON TO CHILDREN

TITLE: *A Mother Song.*

Boys and girls, as we all know this is Mother's Day. I see that you are each wearing a carnation in honor of your mother. I thought you would be interested to-day if I told you about a very well known and much loved mother song. It was formerly used more than it is now, but it is familiar and widely used yet. I heard it in church not long ago, and maybe some one will sing it for us to-day. I am sure you will consider it appropriate.

But, first, I must tell you its history.

Just before he left by special train to visit his dying mother, President McKinley wrote a telegram which probably has done more for the kingdom

meeting with him. We met at his house, and when we had walked about a block toward the hills, Mr. Moody stopped us in front of a modest dwelling and said, "Boys, my mother lives in this house, and I want you to sing for her." And how the boys did sing for Mr. Moody's mother! This is just one instance of the appreciation and thoughtfulness which Mr. Moody always showed toward the mother who had so deeply influenced his life, and which every man ought to show to his own mother.—Rev. James E. Russell, D.D.

Decalogue of Mother

1. A mother must love her job.
2. A mother must create a home.
3. A mother should be her child's ideal.
4. A mother must expect to work more than eight hours a day.
5. A mother must be temperate.
6. A mother must be religious.
7. A mother's place is in the home.
8. A mother must love wisely.
9. A mother must rule her life by conviction, not convention.
10. A mother must be patient.

—Amelia E. Morrison.

Appreciation of Mother Expressed

I recall a scene one evening in the college boarding house. The day had been a trying one for mother. After the boarders had eaten supper our family gathered, as usual, for our supper. But mother did not come. I sought her and found her in the kitchen sitting down with her face in her hands. I said, "Come, Mother, to supper." I shall never forget the pathos of her voice and face as she looked up and said, "Oh, I am too tired."

Just then I got a fresh realization of how mother was giving her very life, almost, that we boys might get an education. I said, tenderly, "Mother, you had to work pretty hard on the old farm, but this boarding house life is harder still for you. I am sorry to see you working so hard; but I want to tell you that Olaf and I appreciate what you are doing to get us through college."

Her tired face relaxed and a strangely beautiful smile lit up her countenance as she looked up and said, "That is all right. I am glad to do it for you. Go and eat your supper." While my words had plainly cheered and thrilled her, yet my own heart was almost equally stirred as I realized how much good an appreciative word could do.—Rennetts C. Miller.

An Angel Kitchen

Some time ago while listening to a woman addressing a large audience, my mind went back to a day when I washed dishes in a college dormitory. As I entered the kitchen that first day I met this very woman, who was then one of the cooks. She seemed to be a fixture, working in a college kitchen. As time passed, however, I discovered a romance of the cross was in her soul, dreaming dreams of service, while she cooked for other

college girls who had money to pay their way. Many of them have waned into insignificance, but to-day she is a noted Christian worker gathering in the orphans of a great State, mothering and loving them to joy and service for her Lord. If the hand of Murillo were still painting, he might paint another "Angel's Kitchen" with Angie Godwin in Diego's place.—Rev. Franklin F. Lewis.

QUOTABLE MOTHER'S DAY POETRY

A Wondrous Power

O wondrous power! how little understood—
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,
Inspire a West, or train a Washington!
—Mrs. Hale.

Memories—Mother's Day

A message from a distant star,—
A presence felt, not far apart;
A benediction from afar;
A whisper in the inmost heart.

An echo in the dearest song,
A secrct sweetness in the spring;
A call to duty, to be strong,
Her patient love remembering.
—Mabel J. Bourquin.

To Mother

You painted no Madonnas
On chapel walls in Rome;
But with a touch diviner,
You lived one in your home.
—T. W. Fessenden.

A Mother

When God looked down upon the earth
And chose to put new blessings there,
Gifts from above
To show his love,
And lighten earthly joy and care,
He gave the sky the sunset glow;
Gave fragrance to the lily's blow;
Gave laughter gay
To children's play;
And then to every yearning soul
He gave that gift of tenderest worth—
A Mother.
—Sarah N. Latham.

QUOTABLE MOTHER'S DAY POETRY

Mother's Day Carnation

On this Mother's Day make your own and some other mothers happy.

"So here's to the white carnation,
Wear it on Mother's Day;
Flower that blooms for mother,
Winsome, gallant, and gay.
Flower of perfect sweetness,
Flower for hut and hall,
Here's to the white carnation,
And to mother—our best of all."

She Led Me

She led me first to God;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's dew—
For when she used to leave
The fireside every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.
How often has the thought
Of my mourned mother brought
Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power
The tempter to repel!
Mother, thou knowest well
That thou hast blessed me since my natal hour.

—John Pierpont.

The Mother

There will be a singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes;
You will be a woman set apart,
You will be so wonderful and wise.
You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,
As of one that wakes in Paradise,
There will be a singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes.

Mother's just an older little playmate who'll befriend me,
Yesteryear she travelled in the path that mine's to-day;
Never need I fear a foe from which she might defend me,
Faithful little pal, who ran ahead, and learned the way.

—Strickland Gilliland.

Through Changing Year

The lily's sweetness is forgot,
And sunset splendors fade to gray;
But fresh and dear,
Through changing year,
Through quiet night, or eager day,
The love of her we love the best
Lives closely shrined within each breast.
Bless Heaven for—
A Mother.

—Sarah N. Latham.

STORY TO TELL, OR SERMON TO CHILDREN

Title: *Someone On the Outlook.*

There are some queer houses in this world, boys and girls. I know a man who was born in a log house of only two rooms, and you could see daylight through the cracks. I know of another house, in the city of New York, and it is sixty stories high. I know of a house in Rome, Italy, which has eleven thousand rooms. It is called the Vatican, and the man who owns it allows people to visit it, and I have been through it, room after room—all very beautiful, but I have never tried to go through all the rooms! But for nine days I lived in the queer house I am thinking about; but very different from any of those I have mentioned. It was about ten times as big as this church. There were over two thousand people living in it. It was six or seven stories high, yet it was no skyscraper. It had in it a kitchen and a dining room and a store, a laundry, a barber-shop, a library, a gymnasium, swimming pool, a doctor's office, a nurse's office, a bank, a nursery for the children, a hair-dressing room for the ladies, and an office from which a daily paper was issued. The most wonderful thing about this house was that it was floating

From Jericho to Jerusalem was for Jesus a path from light-giving to life-giving. It began in a cry for light from Bartimæus and ended with a cry of abandonment from Jesus. In the midst of the multitude he must tread

This hymn was a favorite with Mr. Moody, and also of the famous temperance workers, Miss Willard and Francis Murphy.

2. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

Fanny Crosby says of this song:

"Mr. W. H. Doane, the author of the music, came to my home one morning and he said that he was anxious to get the next train for Cincinnati, his home, but he was very desirous that I should write a hymn to a melody which he had just written, and which he played. Then he said, 'But before time to go to my train we have only forty minutes. Can you do it?' I smiled and said, 'We will try.' So I ran upstairs to my room, and knelt down and asked divine assistance. I finished the hymn in less than fifteen minutes. But I believe the Holy Spirit dictated that hymn. It was born for a mission, and that was to comfort sad and lonely hearts."

Dr. John Hall, of New York, once said in a great Sunday-school convention in Brooklyn that this hymn had given more peace and satisfaction to mothers who had lost their children than any other he had known. It was one of the first American hymns to be translated into foreign languages. It was played by the band at the funeral of General Ulysses S. Grant.

3. "Blessed Assurance."

Miss Crosby was once visiting Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, of New York, a fine musician. One day Mrs. Knapp played a melody on the piano and remarked, "Fanny, what does that say?" The reply was, "It says, 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,' and I think I ought to write that hymn right now." Which she did while Mrs. Knapp softly played the melody.

4. "Saved by Grace."

Of the origin of this hymn, the author says: "The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, a distant relative of mine, died very suddenly. The subject of the last prayer-meeting that he conducted was the fear of death. That evening he said that the grace that taught us how to live would teach us how to die.

"When I heard that I thought: 'I wonder what will be my first impression when I enter heaven. Why, of course I will be overwhelmed by its glory and beauty.' Then came the thought, 'I shall see my Saviour face to face.' After a little thought I wrote the song with the refrain,

"'And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—saved by grace.'"

Some time later at Northfield Mr. Sankey asked Miss Crosby to speak at an evening meeting.

In closing her remarks she repeated the new song, "Some day the silver cord will break." To eager questions about the words, she smilingly answered, "Oh! I have been keeping these for myself." But later she gave them to a reporter of a London paper who was present, and he carried the song to England and published it in his paper. When the paper reached America, Mr. Sankey cut out the verses and asked George Stebbins to set them to music.

A number of years later this incident was in a daily paper of Allegheny, Pa.:

"One Sunday evening in one of the Episcopal churches of this city a lady arose and asked permission to make a few remarks. Unusual though this request was, there was that in her bearing which caused the rector to grant the favor, and she said: 'When I was a girl I remember coming to this church with my mother. Leaving here, I became an actress, seeking as best I could to get some satisfaction out of life, though all in vain. In Chicago one Sunday afternoon a while ago I was on my way to a park to spend some hours in revelry, when I was arrested by the sound of music which proved to be a company of young people holding an outdoor service, and the song they were singing was "Saved by Grace." I drew near where they were and stopped to listen. As I did so, the memory of my mother came back. So impressed was I that God was calling me that then and there I accepted Christ. Since then I've known what rest and peace are as I've never known them before.'"

A FANNY CROSBY MEMORIAL SONG SERVICE

The anniversary of Fanny Crosby's birth comes on March 24th. A song service in honor of the "blind singer's" anniversary is suggested for the Sunday before or Sunday after that date. Each pastor may well make his own order of service; but the following facts ought to prove helpful in awakening memories of this remarkable woman.

A little over a hundred years ago a tiny baby, six weeks old, by the ignorance or carelessness of a nurse, was blinded for life. The baby grew to womanhood, walking in darkness for nearly ninety-five years. When she died her name was a household word in America and thousands mourned her departure. It was a striking example of a successful life, triumphant over barriers and handicaps. Her name was known in church circles not only in America, but in England as well. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, the well-known English writer, sent a charming poetical tribute to the "Sweet blind singer from over the sea."

Fanny Crosby was born in a little town in New York state, March 24, 1820. She died February 12, 1915 in Bridgeport, Conn., her home for many years.

She was educated at the New York Institute for the Blind, became a teacher there and finally married a fellow teacher, Alex. Van Alstyne, who died many years ago. In her literary work she has always used her maiden name.

Miss Crosby was associated with most of the composers of gospel songs of her day and wrote many of her hymns to fit some melody of theirs.

Among Miss Crosby's best known and most widely sung hymns are "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," and "Saved by Grace." The last may be better known by the first line, "Some day the silver cord will break" or by the chorus, "And I shall see him face to face, And tell the story—saved by grace."

Sing 115 Prayer 84 217

These songs, and others, may be found in the evangelistic song-books. We add some incidents concerning four of these songs, together with a few references to the Scripture passages upon which the thought is based.

1. "Rescue the Perishing."

Fanny Crosby came to the Bowery Mission, New York City, one evening when the room was filled to overflowing. She says:

"As I entered, it seemed to me that there was some mother's boy there who must be converted that night. I arose and said, 'If there is a mother's boy in this room who has gone away from her teaching and her God, I wish he would come to this platform and let us pray for him.'

"A young man about eighteen years of age stood up and said: 'Did you mean me? I have wandered from mother's teaching and her God. I promised to meet mother in heaven, but I cannot if I continue in my present course in life.'

"I said, 'Here, boy, kneel down, and let us pray for you.' We did pray for him, and as we arose he said, 'Now I can meet mother in heaven, for I have found God.'

"Then the subject, 'Rescue the Perishing,' about which a friend and I had recently talked, at once flashed into my mind and I could think of nothing else. I went home, threw off my wraps, and did not retire until I had written the lines of the hymn.

"Several years later I went to Lynn, Mass., to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. There I told this story of 'Rescue the Perishing.' Afterward a man came up and, warmly grasping my hand, said: 'I am the boy you prayed for that night. I am the boy that told you I had wandered from mother's teaching and mother's God, and you prayed for me. I found the dear Lord that night and since that time I have been trying to live a consistent Christian life. Good-by; if we never meet here again, we will meet up there.'"

The hymn a favorite of Dwight L. Moody — Francis Asbury Hilliard

3. Scripture — Ps. 55

Theme: *Drawing a Cross* (Holy Week).

"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Phil. 3:10, 11.

In the later days of the great World War, when America had only just come into the conflict, there were grave difficulties of transport. Only a limited number of American troops could cross the Atlantic. There was a